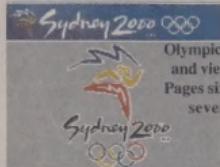


THE DAGLIGTALE

Augustana University College

October 2000



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HISTORY AND CUSTOMS OF HALLOWEEN



Halloween is celebrated annually. But just how and when did this peculiar custom originate? Is it, as some claim, a kind of demon worship? Or is it just a harmless vestige of some ancient pagan ritual?

The word itself, "Halloween," actually has its origins in the Catholic Church. It comes from a contracted corruption of All Hallows Eve, November 1, "All Hollows Day" (or "All Saints Day"), is a Catholic day of observance in honour of saints. But, in the 5th century BC, in Celtic Ireland, summer officially ended on October 31. The holiday was called Samhain (sow-en), the Celtic New Year.

One story says that, on that day, the disembodied spirits of all those who had died throughout the preceding year would come back in search of living bodies to possess for the next year. It was believed to be their only hope for the afterlife. (*Panati*). The Celts believed all laws of space and time were suspended during this time, allowing the spirit world to intermingle with the living. (*Gahagan*).

Naturally, the still-living did not want to be possessed. So on the night of October 31, villagers would extinguish the fires in their homes, to make them cold and undesirable. They would then dress up in all manner of ghoulish costumes and noisily paraded around the neighbourhood, being as destructive as possible in order to frighten away spirits looking for bodies to possess. (*Panati*).

Probably a better explanation of why the Celts extinguished their fires was not to discourage spirit possession, but so that all the Celtic tribes could re-light their fires from a common source, the Druidic fire that was kept burning in the Middle of Ireland, at Uisneach, (*Gahagan*). Some accounts tell of how the Celts would burn someone at the stake who was thought to have already been possessed, as sort of a lesson to the spirits. (*Panati*). Other accounts of Celtic history debunk these stories as myth, (*Gahagan*).

The Romans adopted the Celtic practices as their own. But in the first century AD, they abandoned any practice of sacrificing of humans in favor

of burning effigies.

The thrust of the practices also changed over time to become more ritualized. As belief in spirit possession waned, the practice of dressing up like hobgoblins, ghosts, and witches took on a more ceremonial role.

The custom of trick-or-treating is thought to have originated not with the Irish Celts, but with a ninth-century European custom called soulting. On November 2, All Souls Day, early Christians would walk from village to village "begging for soul cakes," made out of square pieces of bread with currants. The more soul cakes the beggars would receive, the more prayers they would promise to say on behalf of the dead relatives of the donor. At the time, it was believed that the dead remained in limbo for a time after death, and that prayers, even by strangers, could expedite a soul's passage to heaven.

The Jack-o'-lantern custom probably comes from Irish folklore. As the tale is told, a man named Jack, who was notorious as a drunkard and trickster, tricked Satan into climbing a tree, Jack then carved an image of a cross in the tree's trunk, trapping the devil up the tree. Jack made a deal with the devil that, if he would never tempt him again, he would promise to let him down the tree.

According to the folk tale, after Jack died, he was denied entrance to Heaven because of his evil ways, but he was also denied access to Hell because he had tricked the devil. Instead, the devil gave him a single ember to light his way through the frigid darkness. The ember was placed inside a hollowed-out turnip to keep it glowing longer.

The Irish used turnips as their "Jack's lanterns" originally. But when the immigrants came to America, they found that pumpkins were far more plentiful than turnips. So the Jack-O'-Lantern of America was a hollowed-out pumpkin, lit with an ember.

So, although some cults and Satanists may have adopted Halloween as their favourite "holy-day," the day itself did not grow out of evil practices. It grew out of the rituals of Celts celebrating a new year, and out of Medieval prayer rituals of Europeans. And today, it is only as evil as one cares to make it.

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References: Charles Panati, *Extraordinary Origins of Everyday Things*, 1987; and Dr. Joseph Gahagan, University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee, Personal letter, 1997.

Wondering what's up around AUC? Check out the Students' Union Executive Reports!

President's Report

Do you remember last year when hundreds of Augustana students came together to voice their opinions on issues plaguing the education system? Me neither. One has to wonder why with crisis in education continually escalating that we sit back and watch it happen. This is our future; we are Canada's future, so why is the future being swept out of our hands? Generally, it's because most of us don't know the issues (hopefully not because we don't care about our futures). How can we take action against something that we are unaware of? How can we know how to help if we have no guidance? This is, essentially, one of the most important problems of our time. With our goalsetting retreat happening on Oct. 21 and 22 this is definitely something to discuss and pursue over the next year. As for right now there are a few things to report:

1. In relation to most (almost all) other post-secondary institutions in Alberta we are under represented. Other institutions have general decision making bodies (called general faculty councils or academic councils, etc.) in which students have a voice and a vote in regard to all academic issues and, in some cases, administrative issues. As well, most institutions have the ability to vote on issues to the Board of Regents. We have neither of these formal structures. The closer we get to a voice (not vote) here at AUC is at the committee level. This can be potentially effective, but not the best form of representation possible. However, along with one other student I am currently sitting on a committee dealing with this issue (called Governance committee). This will be an important venue for us this year and I will keep you updated on its progress.

2. At the same time, a few committees that students take part in are formulated by the faculty. In May, it was proposed by the committee on committees to cut back both faculty and student representation on some of the committees (due to apparent lack of interest). This means that we would go from two positions on certain committees down to one. A fifty percent cut. I have spoken with the Academic Dean and the issue is going to be reopener at the next faculty meeting. Obviously, if committee work is the only form of representation that we have here, we don't want to lose positions on them! As well, all the proposed cut back committees have had both positions filled already by interested and committed students!

3. Finally, as many of you may have noticed, we took part in a provincial postcard campaign initiated by CAUS (Council of Alberta University Students) and ACTISEC (Alberta Colleges and Technical Institutes Students' Executive Council). As ACTISEC members we felt it was important to engage this campaign. The postcards asked the provincial government to cap tuition increases at 2% a year. Being that we are a private school this does not directly affect us because our tuition is not set by the government. However, there are a number of reasons that this was important to be involved in: 1. We need to stand united with students across Alberta in order to be heard.

2. If tuition increases across Alberta in public institutions then private ones will feel justified in raising their tuition.

3. Private institutions do get some money from the government (not capital for infrastructure however) and therefore if government funding increases in the education system overall then private institutions will get more money as well.

4. There is an election coming up and it is

important to press the issue of education to get politicians talking about it.

5. The more the government funds education the less that institutions look to corporations for funding. This means that corporations will have less control over education, our minds and essentially the world - this is a good thing.

To end this overly long monthly report I want to remind you to come up and chat with us sometimes (upstairs in Faith and Life). Much of what we do is behind the scenes and I won't take up all your time by putting them all in these reports. However, we want you to feel free to ask us what behind the scenes things are. This year get involved and help to save education and our future. You may not be able to change the entire world but we do have the ability to change our own.

Sincerely, Pam Moskic

Executive VP's Report

Hi my name is Arianne, pronounced Ah-ree-ahn, (think Mariane without the M, both A's pronounced "ah"), you extra tasty, crispy executive vice-president. Just kidding. I'm not crispy.

So far it's been budget, budget, budget for the Exec VP. I suggested an ASU budget cheerleading squad led by Charm, but she didn't really seem into it. Enrollment once again is up at Augustana, so the preliminary projections are looking' good. As thrilling as these various digits may be, what I'd really like to begin focusing on (the other major part of my job) is student advocacy. I'm not sure that everyone is aware of how much the SU can do to make their life on campus a lot easier. Aside from all the technical stuff like fridges, lockers, used books, faxing, year books, etc., I'm here to represent the interests of students when dealing with issues of concern to them. I can advise and direct students to tools and services already in place at Augustana, or represent them when dealing with organizations within the university. If I can steer you problem, chances are I can steer you towards someone who can. So if you have an issue of contention, a nuclear breakdown, or are not sure where to turn when dealing with the faculty, administration, or other students/groups, I may be able to help. My office hours are posted but the best is to put your concern down in writing either in my SU mailbox in Cindy's office or slide it under my door (F207).

And as expected further bulletins as events warrant. (Readie watch for next month's Day).

VP Internal's Report

The year started with a bang, when 45-70 people "volunteered" their time to help move in 300+ first year students. I use the word volunteered loosely, because I was recruiting my neighbours and their younger siblings (Kyle taught your younger brother and Ryan Ponto). The weather was poor, but the pizza at the end of the day was great (thanks Student Services)! The rest of orientation week went well. We went neon bowling, to the movies and did a scavenger hunt. At neon bowling we had about 240 students attend, at the movies we had 300 attend and the scavenger hunt only had about 50 participants. Overall, I heard a lot of positive feedback about the events and I even had people thank-

ing me for doing it (thanks, it meant a lot). Ending the week in good ol' Augustana fashion, we had first class bash. Yes it was g-r-e-a-t (if you can recall because I recall driving a couple of young students back early). I know the complaint about the jackets and yes at the next dance I will ask security to ease up a little on this issue. Due to the request by the alcohol vendor, this rule was implemented to limit the possibility of external liquor being consumed at the event. No, the vendor did not only say this because he wanted to make money, but because of what was stated in his liquor license. IF ANYONE HAS ANY FURTHER SUGGESTIONS OF ISSUES PLEASE CONTACT ME AT 679-1541. (because then I can actually do something about it and hopefully you will enjoy yourself more at the next event)!!!

After that week, I ran a club fair. It was called Sundae Sunday. That's right there was free ice cream and only a couple showed up. Therefore, another club fair will happen when all the clubs are set up and ready to spark some interest. The club deadline was at the end of September and most clubs have handed in a budget. I struck a budget committee to help me review the requests, they were reviewed and they

are on their final stages of being approved. There has been a dramatic decrease in the amount of clubs that are established on campus this year. The committee noticed this and has agreed to allow amendments to existing budget proposals to be accepted for review in the second semester. If any new clubs want to start for the second semester, please come and see me as soon as possible, because there is money to be had...money money money!

The Sex Lady is coming...that's right Augustana University College's Students' Union is sponsoring Sue Johanson to come and give a presentation. This event will happen on Tuesday night, November 21st from 7-9 p.m. in the Gym. Tickets will be selling in advance and at the door for the tiny amount of \$7. If you purchase tickets in advance your name goes into a draw prize box. Prizes will be given out at the presentation. So come on out and stop wasting your money on those 1-900 numbers...oops-I mean (don't worry, I won't tell anyone) just come and have an opportunity to ask those burning (I'm not being punny) questions, confidently of course.

Well that's all for me - I'm outta here!
Later Skaters,
Charmion Rebus

VP External's Report

For those who did not vote, or just don't care, I am your VP External. A brief description of this position includes being a representative of the student union with ACTISEC, chairing and organizing Media Board meetings and being the "great power" over media in the school.

Thus far, I have completed interviews for the SUSSAL and the advertising coordinator. Persons hired will be notified by this publication. My focus has been to establish a Media Board Council and have the premier meeting early November. Pam and I will be attending an ACTISEC conference the last weekend of October. The weekend of the 21st is the student union retreat in Leduc.

If you have any comments regarding the media (Dag, Saga, or Air), feel free to call 679-1541 or visit F207.

Have a great year!
Kristy Mandrusiak



Next Deadline:

Wednesday, November 15th

Email: dag@mindless.com

Office: F205

Phone: 679-1542 or 608-2919

All submissions are welcome, in any form. If you have any questions talk to me any time. And don't forget 3.

Lines for Free!

More Subversive Concatenated Code from the Recesses of Recollected Redundancy

By Ramy Salama

The onomatopoeic teenager bounded loosely into our frame of reference. Consequently, green reverberations of this were recorded recently in a range of regions. Our reply to your request is delineate a quota for use in conjunction with the current Capitalist consumme. Do you concur? Kindly reinstate the rule of diminishing returns or you will be regarded in contempt by those of the establishment who where their wares in the twilight. The coffee cup of my soul overflows with rekindled animosity at the sight of your libidinal labia. As for the ribbed reflex with which you reply to my instinctual advances, suffice it to say that supreme anguish undermines my every attempt to regurgitate your mindless midwifery. Mind you, I would insinuate greater infractions given enough leeway and the ascent of the blind binder. Can constant coercion cause carcinogenic cramps? Feel free to delineate for yourself the rabid haberdashery of the lower middle class in terms of tarnishing my ego with your race-related rhetoric. We despise such attempts to make the meaningless, despite the fragrant volatility of his inner sanctum. Interspersion as applied to the parano prostate. Prostrate the internal facade of *deja-vu* as the media condense the for-itself to religious proportions at a rate proportional to the time of speed. Cannot we the thesaurus theorize thus? This thing which rises in tune to the heaving I encountered energetically but is a needle in a hyper-tense haystack. Against this, we posit the dialectic of revealed salt, as opposed to the engorged furnace in retrospect. When, we will ask, does the belated diode cause appendicitis? Or, in other circles where death grows envious, do prolatearian nerve-endings recede into wifflin anorexia? She sells seashells by the seashore, to the chagrin of the working class. AS to why I am complacently sorting ringlets of carnivorous blank verse, tell one how one should act when faced with dilemmas in disguise. Does our deficiency in passing by way of apology move militant opposition in academic circles? Let the Oedipan farmer grin at dawn, oblivious to the Roman Wilderness we have encountered upon entering ori-fices of oblivion. The corporate symbol engraves itself upon my archetypal desktop while outside, the cock crows signifying the suicide of another mythical myope. Fire the opiate and digest ruminations of infected follicle. Instead of rewriting a naive coat, redistribute rations in single file to pierce the wind of her proclamation. Another timeless titbit caravans through the windowpane of existential reverie while the victim of undecided earthworms builds a fried illustration. Under the designer duress with which you meet my every pun lies a deep identity of woven idiocy. I cannot sit overracted while reflecting over-cooked indiscretions scream at every turn. Will recanting dismiss the tabula rasa of your heartbroken grin? A centennialy-driven finger points the way to our collective inevitable demise. Doors of evil game can kindle underfed dogma in the wake of muscular reversal of initial insensitivity. Not entirely oblivious to erratic indecency, the common cold asserts viral supremacy.

According to Andrea

-submitted by Andrea Godztiuk

What do Augustana and alcohol have in common?.... Give up? Alcohol Awareness Week! Yah! October 16-20 as all of you already know, was alcohol awareness week. And what a week it was. Events were planned for each day, and all were a huge success.

The week started with mocktails in the caf at lunch. There were three yummy mocktails that the students could sample: Cindy's Sunny Sipper, Stupid Cupid, and Lemon-Strawberry Punch. While mocktails were being served, pamphlets and "Join the Majority" cards were being distributed. And in between we had a music mini-tribute by the Italian Stallion himself, Nick Felgate. For those who don't know what mocktails are, I'll tell you. They are basically virginversions of drinks. So next time you are throwing a party or going out to the bar and you don't want to drink, try a mocktail. They're yummy and they'll get you home safely, even after 4 or 5.

Tuesday was declared Dead Day. this day is based on the staggering statistic that every 22 minutes someone is killed by a drunk driver. From a nine to five work day, 23 people are killed. So every 22 minutes, someone died. The dead were wearing black and had a sign on their back that read "I was killed by a drunk driver." The dead were your friends, your RA, your HC...you. The reality is that this does happen, to people who are close to us. Ask the next person you see if they have been affected by drinking and driving, and their answer will probably be yes. It affects everyone. So join the majority, pledge not to drink and drive or ride with someone who is impaired. It's your funeral if you choose to drink and drive, or ride with someone who is impaired. You've got two choices, life or death. Choose life.

Wacky Pub Frolics was on Wednesday. FUN, FUN, FUN is what everyone who attended had. It was a blast. There were about 30 people who filtered through the high, a gather good turnout, considering it was midterm week. Some highlights of the night were balloon shaving (mmmm...whip cream), nose-limon rolling, and of course, musical chairs. Thanks to all who attended, and a super-special thankyou to Jaret for being the DJ on such short notice, and to Cadillacs for hosting the event.

To wind up the week, Sherry from AADAC came

*The Previous Weeks:
Summarized by the Amazing
Andrea and the very Nifty Neil*

to do a presentation on alcohol and young adults. She had a pretty good turnout considering all the other presentations that were taking place in the same night. All who attended were well informed. Thanks to Sherry and to AADAC for all their help and resources throughout the week.

Well, that wraps up alcohol awareness week for another year. Hopefully it was impacting and educational at the same time. A huge thank you goes out to all who helped. THANK YOU! Your assistance was greatly appreciated. To all, have a super day, and remember to stay safe.

Nifty Neil's Necessary Niche

-submitted by Neil Leckie

As part of Health and Wellness Month, October 9th to 16th was designated by Augustana Residence Life as Sexual Awareness Week. The goal was to encourage everyone to think about their sexual choices and to encourage safe sexual practices, while at the same time accepting others and the choices they make. On Monday certain RA's carried different markers with them all day. The idea was to ask people if they could be a coloured mark on their hand, without offering any further explanation. At supper time it was explained that each colour represented a different sexually transmitted disease. For example, if you had a green mark on your hand, that meant you had herpes. This illustrated how quickly STDs can spread and also how important it is to ask questions and think about the consequences before letting anyone do anything to you. Some people had ended up with five or more diseases! Some people were proud of their marks until they found out the real consequences. Think about that.

On Friday "accountability contracts" were available in the cafeteria over lunch time. These contracts were to be signed by two friends who committed themselves to watching out for each other's well-being and helping them think about their choices. This will hopefully help friends remember to help each other be responsible and safe.

You may have also noticed posters around campus, in halls and bathrooms promoting safe sex while reminding everyone that abstinence is always an option. Hopefully, these posters and the activities organized by Rez Life have encouraged everyone to think about their own sexual practices more critically.

MY MESSY DORM ROOM

Sharon Charney

This is a column about people and their interactions. I encourage you to ask crazy questions of me and I will share with you my observations and opinions. I'm no Josey Vogels (syndicated sex columnist extraordinaire) but I'll give it a shot.

Isn't it interesting how things happen?...one day some 3rd year荷荷 girls were looking up dirty words in the dictionary (standard homework diversion #3) when they came across definitions of words starting with the letters 'sex'. The next thing I know I am sporting the spiffy new title of Resident Sextep. Ever since that fateful day in September whenever there is a question about relationships, body parts, men, women or any combination thereof, inevitably the conversation comes down to "Let's ask the Sextep!" Not that I don't enjoy the status - I like dishing out whence advice - I'm just not sure if I am deserving of the title. I guess it goes along with being the oldest person living in the freshman complex (as far as I know). People seem to be under the impression that I may have learned a few things about human behaviour along the way. It's possible.

There have been some fascinating topics that have come up in these first six weeks of school. There has been the standard fare of 'what do men want', 'what do women want', 'all I want is someone to snuggle with' and the question of the month "Why do women (***) with our minds?" (To the guy on 2nd East who asked it - did you really think I would answer such a profound query in this limited space?) And then there is the ever popular discussion of crushes and the beginning-of-freshman-year-short-term-relationship. The daily 'guess who's going out with so-and-so' has begun to slow down a bit but I think that the tidbit of wisdom offered by RA Nick Felgate at freshman floor meetings on September 3rd still holds true: "We all know that guys like girls. Don't go falling in love and making wedding plans in the first three weeks of school just because some guy promises you the world. It ain't gonna happen." I couldn't have said it better myself.

One of these days I think I'll wander over to 2nd West and check out that Booty Bible. Maybe I'll learn a thing or two.

Drop me a line if you have any comments, questions or suggestions for my so called sextep self.

THREE LINES FOR FREE

*to the guy with the
fuzzy orange outfit:
I want to be in your
pants naked from a
3rd year girl.*

Marching towards Recognition:

-World March of Women 2000 brings together Canadians this Sunday and the world next Tuesday-

By Bernice Pontanilla, The Manitoban and Tina Christopoulos, The Link , The Manitoban

Imagine thousands of women walking along a long line, carrying banners with messages of frustration, pain and rage at the continued, systematic poverty and violence affecting their daily existence. Imagine these women collecting signatures from all over the world, in all languages, appealing to those in the highest levels of global power, asking for an end to violence and poverty.

The idea for a march attempting to raise awareness of women's issues evolved in the mid-'90s after discussions within the Quebec Women's Federation in 1995 and the success of the Canadian Women's March for Bread and Roses in 1996. To add to this, attendees at the 1995 Fourth Conference on Women in Beijing decided that something had to be done to draw more awareness to the problems women face daily. No one knew how the idea would grow to become the World March of Women 2000.

The March is a continuation of the struggle to achieve the ideals discussed throughout the four major world conferences on women convened by the United Nations. Events for the World March of Women 2000 began on International Women's Day, March 8 of this year. It was then that a signature campaign was held and where 140 women from 16 countries met in Montreal to devise a plan of action. Each country was allowed to arrange its own days of action in the hope that every interested individual would have the chance to participate in this global display of women's solidarity. "The idea is not to focus solely on a global level because an international campaign is not effective without a strong national action," says Alexa Conradi, responsible for the organization of the March in Quebec and a member of the Fédération des Femmes du Québec.

The Canadian Women's March Committee has put together a document entitled "It's Time for Change" lists various demands including proposals that deal specifically with the rights of aboriginal women and lesbians. "Lesbian mothers can still lose custody of children, despite overwhelming proof that children in lesbian homes grow up healthy," reads the document. Gay rights remain very controversial in some areas of the world, especially in countries where being homosexual can mean facing punishments

ranging from imprisonment to death. To address those differences, countries that support the document can opt out of that particular section. "The risk for lesbian women is still huge today. But the proposals will remain on the agenda because groups belonging to countries like Canada and the United States, who have the freedom to be honest about their homosexuality, need to give their full support," says Conradi.

The Committee wants to present the document to the federal government. All around the globe, women have been organizing and carrying out events in preparation for the Canadian march in Ottawa this coming Sunday and the main global march in New York next Tuesday. "We see this as a stepping stone for the Canadian women's movement in shaping the direction of where we need to go as women in Canada in order to truly achieve equality," says Pam Kapoor, organizer of the Canadian Women's March Committee. "The beauty of a global campaign is that it brings to light issues that are very current [and] very timely in terms of the international component we face as women." Kapoor is mostly eager about the committee's fact to face meeting with the Minister of Finance, Paul Martin, and possibly Prime Minister Jean Chrétien next Tuesday.

Among the international demands for the eradication of poverty and violence in the lives of women are:

- the cancellation of the debt of all third world countries
- an end to embargoes and blockades, which principally affect women and children
- the right to asylum for female victims of sexist discrimination, persecution and violence
- that governments who claim to defend human rights condemn any authority - it be political, religious, economic or cultural - who violates those rights.

The March is bringing together not just women - men and children from all backgrounds are involved too. Further, more than 5,000 groups from 157 countries and territories are participating. These groups include women's federations, unions and labour groups, religious groups, and everyday citizens. It is estimated that there will be approximately 1,000 Canadian students marching with other women, men and children in Ottawa and at the world rally in New York.

Jen Anthony, National Deputy Chairperson of the Canadian Federation of Students (CFS), got involved last fall as

one of the two CFS representatives on the Canadian Coordinating Committee. CFS chose to endorse the World March of Women as one of their campaign strategies for 2000-01. "I think we've reached a time when women on campuses are really feeling threatened that the gains that we've made are starting to be clawed back," she says. "Women are responding [to the march] really well." Students will meet at the University of Ottawa Sunday, October 15th. From there they will join the main march which makes stops at the Bank of Canada, the Human Rights Monument and the US Embassy. It is expected that the Ottawa event will draw tens of thousands. Each participant has their own story as to how he or she became involved. The Co-Chairs of the Winnipeg march organizing committee, Virginia Hryntka and Pauline Riley, were both excited about their march on September 17, which drew a crowd of about 1,500 women, children and men. Riley believes the march is the largest movement of its kind in recent history. "I think what really appeals to me is that I know women all over the world throughout this year have been doing the same things [we have]," says Riley. "There is a real connection there." "The system isn't addressing any of the real problems," adds Hryntka. "Poverty and violence against women is an issue - not just tax cuts."

Aside from Canada, other countries endorsing the March include Algeria, Iraq, Cuba, Pakistan, Sierra Leone, Japan, and the Islamic Republic of Iran. Countries that do not have participants include Afghanistan, China, and the United Arab Emirates. More than half of the groups participating are Non-Governmental Organizations (NGOS), about 12 per cent are women's committees (with women and men), about nine per cent are solidarity groups, and another nine per cent are unions.

The Canadian March has also attracted the attention of the Body Shop, and is one of their feature campaigns. Each outlet across Canada will be collecting signatures for a petition directed to Kofi Annan, the Secretary-General of the UN. The petition demands that the UN, including all of its member states, live up to their commitments of ending poverty and violence against women. These signatures, along with those collected all over the world, will be presented to the UN in New York during next Tuesday's international gathering.

Red Rover

-by Miranda Sokalski

We don't play Red Rover any more. In some long ago dimension, kids played Red Rover. They would grab a fruit roll-up from their lunch and scramble outside at recess, ready for another thrilling game.

There was a trick to the Red Rover. I'm not sure many kids understood it, though. The trick is linking your fingers together in such a way that no one can break through. Not many kids realized that, which made conquering the other team easy as pie. By the end of each round, the emerald-green grass saw a pile of giggling, gasping kids brushing themselves off and standing up for more.

There was a trick to the fruit roll-ups as well. You had to pull them out of the package very carefully and wrap them around your index finger. Then one kid, usually the one who sat up front in math class, would count. All the other kids had a race to see who could suck the sticky red goo off the fastest. The timer's best friend always won, of course. There was only one rule-no using teeth. It had to be sucked off. The poor soul who used his teeth had to collect the fruit roll-up wrappers and throw them away. When no one used their teeth, careless children let the shiny white packages float away in the gentle breeze.

Ironically, on the days that the kids chose to be law-abiding, the supervising teacher's pockets were full of the metallic wrappers.

The winner, of course, got to be the captain for Red Rover.

Frequently, an announcement over the PA system would chide the kids for playing Red Rover, a game deemed "unsafe for children." The flabbergasted eight year olds were often at a loss for what to do on their much-anticipated lunch hour breaks. They built forts for a while and searched half-heartedly for clovers. Then they snuck to the far end of the school-yard and began playing Red Rover again, a continuation from the previous day.

The children of yesteryear are grown up now. They spend recesses studying, smoking or gossiping. They forget the fruit roll-up races and remember only countless parties, dates, and controversial television shows. They spend their weekends doing chores and homework or running away from the cops and going to parties. Some of them have their own kids now, and some of them have been taken away all too soon. The small, brick school is abandoned of their laughter, and the once-happy town mourns its loss. The kids are scattered throughout the world now, each one going a separate way, each one ready to see the world.

The kids grew up and left their grubby-faced, stick-handled ghosts in the schoolyard. They've become sons and daughters of a rushed society. They don't play Red Rover any more.

Election Sweepstakes begin, and it's the Liberals with the most to lose.

By the time this goes to print, chances are the back room tea leaf readers of the Liberal party will have coaxed Jean Chretien into calling a snap election for late November. And why not? Polls have the Liberals riding a wave of (misguided) public empathy resulting from Pierre Trudeau's timely passing. Their principal alliance adversaries, led by chocolate-milkman-in-a-wetsuit, have levelled off their rise in popularity at barely a quarter of the popular vote. What's more, pretender to the throne Paul Martin has neatly sewn up the centre right with his mini-budget of tax cuts and other fiscal doggy treats. A third Liberal majority is in the bag, right?

Actually, my tea leaves tell a different story. The clay feet of the Liberal giant were exposed this week in Ottawa, amid the frazzled daze of pre-election spending and media speculation. Two reports, from two of the last remaining reliable sources in the capital, were released: one by the Auditor General of Canada; the other by the Commissioner of Information and Privacy.

The Auditor General's report is an expose of over \$1 billion lost (completely unaccounted for until now) by the Human Resources Department of Pierre Pettigrew and Jane Stewart. After months of Jane Stewart weathering countless embarrassing questions from the Opposition and a precipitous drop in the Liberal poll numbers, Chretien and ghoulish side-kick Eddie Goldemberg undoubtedly thought the problem solved by the splitting up of HRDC into several smaller departments this summer. The AG's report, however, lifts up the carpet to shed light on a spending boondoggle of a scale never before witnessed in Canada.

Similarly, the Information Commissioner's report contains further evidence of Liberal disdain for public information. Government compliance with the Access to Information Act is so invariably poor and sporadic that ATI requests are regularly delayed past the legally allotted 30 days. Furthermore, the Prime Ministers' Office went so far as to challenge the government's own law in court, so that some politically damaging information could never become public. Unquestionably, the Information Commissioner's report reveals Chretien's government to be hiding so much that it is disdainful of public access to information as a result.

The real danger for the Liberals in all this is that the Canadian public will not be easily deceived. Who, after all, can't see Tobin's speedy return to cabinet and Martin's mini-budget as the plays they are? Indeed, they are intended to distract attention from this government's major weakness: accountability.

Mini Budget Targets Undecided Voters

EDMONTON, Alberta, October 18, 2000 — Today's announcement - while ultimately a victory for Canadian taxpayers - is a bittersweet example of how governments can do the right thing at the right time for all the wrong reasons. Says Alberta Chambers of Commerce President Al Petersen, "This was not an Economic Statement and Budget Update, it was a staged opportunity for the Liberal's to present their election strategy in front of millions of Canadians - at taxpayers' expense." Petersen charges that today's mini budget was all about political opportunism, not the type of determined leadership the Alberta Chambers have been calling them to throughout their 7-year mandate. "Liberal strategists knew Auditor General Denis Desautel's report on HRDC was coming out in advance of the Economic Address. They knew it would level harsh charges at the government for its management of HRDC discretionary grants and contributions programs. They knew today had to be their day of atonement."

Despite the curious timing of the announcement, Petersen said the decision to accelerate personal and corporate income tax reductions is welcome news and desperately needed to keep Canada's hot performing economy competitive. "It's about creating incentives to keep our best and brightest talent here in Canada. "While not surprised by the announcement, Petersen also said the Alberta Chambers was supportive of the government's decision to reduce the capital gains rate of inclusion from 66 2/3% to 50%. Petersen says expanding tax-free rollovers to be available to more businesses is critical. The size of eligible investment will be increased to \$2 million from \$500,000; the size of small businesses eligible for the rollover will be increased to \$50 million from \$10 million. However, the Alberta Chambers took exception with the decision to provide one-time relief for heating expenses for low- and modest-income Canadians - a plan which appears to have been modelled after Alberta's energy rebate program. "This is a vote-buying tactic. We would have far preferred to see an equivalent amount factored in to their tax reduction strategy so the savings could have been more equitably distributed to all Canadians. On debt reduction, the commitment to pay down at least \$10 billion in the current fiscal period surpasses the Canadian Alliance's annual commitment to debt retirement by \$4 billion. Curiously, there is no specific dollar commitment to accelerated debt-reduction for future fiscal periods. The government again missed an opportunity to legislatively enshrine its commitment to accelerated debt reduction. The Alberta Chambers of Commerce, a federation of 126 Chambers of Commerce, is the advocate for Alberta business."

For further information: Al Petersen, President or Keith Crowder, Executive Director Alberta Chambers of Commerce 780-425-4180

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Ponoka news article

- Erin Storch

The economy confounds me. Definitions of this are very illusive and I have trouble figuring out just how the Economy effects the average Joe or Jane. This is a very big word for a very big area - transactions with and without money, the roots of the community, the foundation of people's daily lives and work... So what on earth is it? Economy... makes me think of budgeting and dollars and clipping coupons... of rises and falls, depressions and booms. Makes me think about oil wells, wheat fields and golden crops pouring into granaries. I think of bankers and doctors and shopping centres and down towns. I wonder about how independent shop owners and entrepreneurs are faring, with a city so nearby, and with all the advertising that goes on in the Media, about buying more, wanting more, needing more. I think about being happy less. Why is that?

Maybe I'll start with this: what makes Ponoka tick? What helps the community grow, and keep growing, sustainable through rough times and easy times? What are the main sources of income, and where do people spend the money they earn? What do people buy? What do they need? Well, there's food, a place to live, clothes to keep us warm and protected from the elements. And we work further in hopes of making our lives more than liveable - we would like to be happy, safe and clean (more or less). We would like to sleep deeply at night and to know that a good health care system awaits us should we stumble. There should be plenty of opportunities and encouragement if we fail in

work, there should be security for each member of society - a promise of unfailing life, liberty, and peace. We want solid and creative education to prepare us for service to the larger community. We want education that is alternative and appealing - which will infuse us with energy and inspire us to leave the world better than it was when we came in. We need a just and strong system of resolving conflicts and wrongdoings - a network of friends, family and citizens surrounding us to fight danger, and keep our hearts strong and warm.

This sounds like a lot to ask. The economy can not just be cold money, or rich people or poor people. It can not just be all of us, stuck in the rut of consuming. So many of the most important things do not involve money at all, and many don't need to. What is money, when we are all worth something tremendous? We all are born with a beautiful gift - life, and beyond that, a desire to love and be loved. We cultivate such a great diversity of abilities and a rainbow of characteristics. We are a community, and that goes far past dollars and cents. The bottom line is that none of us needs bits of copper, nickel, or worn pieces of paper jingling and rustling in our pockets. But everybody needs health, and a hand to hold. These things are priceless, and achievable if we work hard, together, and live simply, locally, generously. You know the Mexican saying, "Mi casa es su casa" ("My house is your house"). If this could be true, every need could be fulfilled. What a promising world we live in...

The Olympic Games
have come and gone, but in the publishing style of the Dagligtale, we're still talking about them. It seems several people had something to say...enjoy the next several articles from various viewpoints.



“Olympia’s Secret”

Oomph! Diving across the sand, an Olympic beach volleyball player digs the ball up off the ground, an amazing play! She stands up, and ugh! She's got sand down her front, in her shorts, in places sand just shouldn't be allowed. But what can she do? No time to shake it out, or even to grimace. Maybe it would help if she would wear more clothes. Cover up a little more skin. If their tops weren't cut so low maybe the sand wouldn't get in. And those skimpy shorts? I mean really, they're picking wedges the whole game. Cover up a little more girls!

Unfortunately, they can't. Not if they want to play in the Olympic Games. There are rules. Women beach volleyball players are not allowed to play if they have more than six centimetres of fabric at the hip. Their uniforms must be backless, scoopnecked, with a high-cut leg, and must hug their body. They don't have a choice.

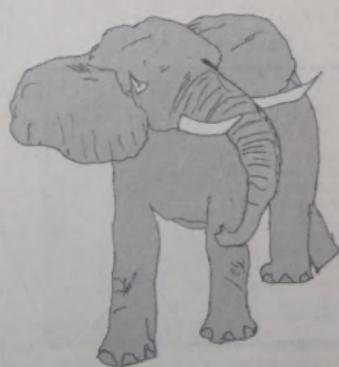
It has been found that the average sports fans are 18-34 year old males. And when these lively young men are channel surfing what sort of thing catches their eye and causes them to pause for a moment? Boobs. Great abs. Well toned, muscular women's bodies. So dress them up in the scantiest of outfits and send them out to the pits,

not to play, but to be ogled at.

You won't see the men in uniforms with less than six centimetres of fabric at the hip. Nope, they're wearing the preferred compression tights that not only improve performance but keep the sand out of their shorts too. Canadian beach volleyball player Kristine Drakich, the rep to the FNB in 1997-98 requested that athletes have the choice as to what they want to wear. She was turned down. And who presides on this committee? All men with the exception of one woman. She voted in favour of allowing the athletes a choice. In fact, she voted against the limited clothing rule in the beginning. She was outvoted.

Male sprinters wear one-piece suits with longer legged pants to cut down on wind resistance. Females finish a race yanking down their high cut suit bottoms that have crawled like thongs up their hips. Pressure from sponsors keeps the female athletes in these more revealing uniforms.

Athletes need money to train, and that money comes from sponsors. The pressure is too high; sponsors want their athlete to be noticed, and if you're a female, boobs get the required attention. Which brings us to the question, are they trying to sell sports or sex?



A pic

The Olympics: Proving that it Truly is a Small World After All

By: Melissa Adrian

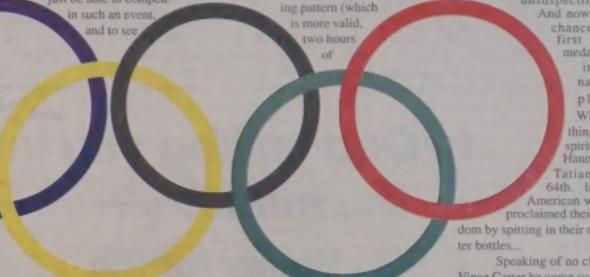
Long ago in Greece a tradition known as the Olympics began, an event where people from all over come to compete against each other in sporting events. From the time when people competed in events like the discus throw to win wreaths, the Olympics have evolved. Held in both the winter and summer, new events have been added, such as women's hockey and snowboarding. Instead of winning laurel wreaths athletes win medals of gold, silver or bronze. Even though the face of the Olympics has changed over time, there is something that will never change, how the games unite us.

While war has torn apart the world many times over, economic crisis has tormented lands and peace was hard to come by, the Olympics have survived. Every two years the countries of the world come together for a few weeks, and put all their differences and problems aside. In the parade of nations the athletes march down the field, flying their flags with nationalistic pride, ready to win medals but that is not the reason for these countries to be here. Of course every athlete wants to win one of those beautiful medals, set some new world record, or just beat their own best, but to those who watch the Olympics and those who compete, there is much more to these games than winning a medal. The pride that they feel when they stand on the top of the podium is second to the real reason of these games.

While the games bring us all together, it is the joy and pride that we feel as we watched the games, that united us. As we watched the games on television we cheer for our own athletes but we do not boo those that they

are competing against. We feel joy for someone who has swum the 100 for the first time ever in his life, or for a person who suffered through an injury to finish the match. We feel the pain of those who loose a loved one like a coach or fiancee while at the games. The joy on the face of any athlete that stands on the podium to get their medal, fills us all with a sense of peace and joy. It is the dream of people all over the world to just be able to compete

in such an event, and to see,



someone, even someone from another country, reach this dream, brings us together as people. Not only the watchers of the games are united in the joy but so are the athletes who compete against each other.

As the Sydney Olympics drew to an end and once again the countries of the world once again go their separate ways, back to their problems once again, we are left with pride in both how well our country did and the great competitions that we saw. For one moment the athletes of the world stood on one stage, both competing against each other and uniting together, sharing in one dream. As the world struggles to find an end to war and the troubles in our world, we can look to the Olympics as a symbol of what the world could be when the countries can work as one. Celebrating humanity and peace, the Olympics truly make the world seem smaller even if it is just for a few short weeks.

A Folly of Olympic Proportions

submitted by Daniel Mol

Watching Canadian and international media coverage of the recent Sydney Olympics gave me pause to contemplate the relationship our elite athletes have to us -- the public, that is. The television age has enabled competitive sport to become, as Karl Marx once said of religion, "the opiate of the masses." Just take a look at North American culture since the Second World War. What perceptively "normal" family didn't (or doesn't) enjoy gathering around the "tube" for a Sunday afternoon of football, baseball, hockey, or lately, the Olympics?

But what of those inside the medium? Do we truly care for the athletes themselves? While this is difficult to answer decisively, I would venture that the masses care very little for the actual athletes they watch and try to emulate. It seems we care only for an athlete's ability to measure up to our own impossible standards of performance: Gold? Always a possibility. Silver? Something dreadful must have happened. Bronze? Are you kidding? Hardly acceptable.

The truth is that athletes are no more or less human than any individual member of the viewing public -- medals aren't always a possibility. I am reminded of a CBC interview with Canadian rower Silken Laumann after a silver medal in the Atlanta Olympics (paraphrase):

Reporter: "What do you feel wrong with your race that caused you to end up with silver?"

Laumann: "Absolutely nothing! I had the race of my life. I won a silver medal!"

Could the tubby interviewer have 'settled for silver?' For that matter, was Joann Malar's seventh place finish in the 400 IM in Sydney really such a "disappointment," as one dail put it?

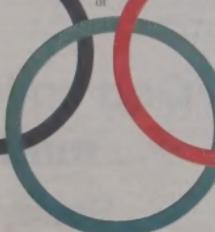
I think not.

Full Court Prest

-Andy Prest

I am going to begin this sports article by talking about that giant event that most people have already forgotten about -- the First Class Bash. No, I'm only kidding. Most of us couldn't remember the First Class Bash the day after it took place, let alone a month and a half later.

I am referring, of course, to the Olympic Games. Thankfully they are over now and I and all the other sports junkies can get back to a regular sleeping pattern (which is more valid, two hours of



sleep because of a paper on *The Tao of Pooh* of two hours of sleep because of synchronized swimming preliminaries?). While the Canadian performance was deemed a failure by some, I was still inspired by some of our athlete's heroics. Simon Whitfield's amazing triathlon finish and Daniel Igali's wrestling gold medal comes to mind. Did anyone else think that our gold medal winning doubles tennis team looked bored during their medal presentation? Was Daniel Nestor picking his nose as 'Oh Canada' played?

Speaking of disgusting, what were the American men 4x100 relay team thinking? I haven't seen that much posing and strutting since Hulk Hogan (the nice '80s Hogan, not grandpa Hollywood) slammed Andre the Giant in Wrestlemania III. It was very sweet to see their apology in the paper a few weeks later; however, sprinter Jon Drummond still said he was "bewildered" by the negative reaction to the team's display. Jon, this is not America, when fans whistle at you, it's bad, put your damn unibrow back on and take that flag off your head.

And what was with the NBC's

Bonus Drug Cheat Quiz

Can you tell which of these positive drug test excuses are real, and which are Prest originals?

- Someone spiked my toothpaste.
- I eat a lot of poppyseeds.
- It was my iron supplements.
- Depression over a drug test made me take drugs.
- I drank six beer and had sex four times last night (impressive).
- I swallow a lot of spiders in my sleep (it does happen).
- Drug test this. Beatch (only works for Gary Payton).
- I hang around with a lot of past smokers ('n Whistler, you're kidding me).
- My dog ate my sample.

Answers: a, c, d, g, and b are real.

Olympic coverage? (their motto: Yesterday's Gold is Tomorrow's Heart Warming Personal Interest Story).

Bob: Let's meet Tatiana Borgolajanevotsya. At the age of three, her parents were tragically killed in a freak wine glass stacking accident and Tatiana lost the use of her left sinus cavity. Growing up under a harsh dictatorship, she could often be seen hurling shrapnel against a wall as bullets whizzed by her house. Here she honed her discus technique by launching tear gas canisters back at unsuspecting soldiers.

And now she has the chance to win the first ever gold medal for the tiny, impoverished nation of Kerplunkistan. What a beautiful thing the Olympic spirit is.

Hanna: By the way, Tatiana finished 64th. In other news, American wrestlers again proclaimed their right to freedom by spitting in their opponents water bottles...

Speaking of no class, when did Vince Carter be come such a jerk? Yes his dunk over the head of a 7 foot 2 man was amazing (go Raptors), but the rest of his performance was a finger wagging forearm shiver delivering, smack talking travesty. Ya buddy, raise the roof, you beat Lithuania by two. What a joke. Steve Nash and the Canadian boys, although they did not win a medal, put on a hundred times better show.

Speaking of disgusting no-class jerks, poor old hobby Knight was finally fired. Next time you see basketball coach Stacy Lorenz at school, ask him "What's up Lorenz?" and see what happens. Get ready for a tongue lashing of biblical proportions.

I apologize for picking on a lot of Americans, but the make it is so darn easy (I do like American Tiger Woods though, I've never seen any athlete besides Michael Jordan live up to their like hypelike Tiger does). But do you really think he drives a Buick?

Well, that's all for this month. Remember to come out and support your Vikings. They're packing into a bus, horned helmets and all, and they're going to be pillaging and plundering a lot of parties around the province -- Damn... Vikings.

Alberta students fight tuition increases with postcards

By Jon Dunbar, The Gateway

Student groups in Alberta are launching a massive postcard campaign asking the provincial government to cap tuition increases at two percent. In the province where tuition has gone up more than 200 per cent in the past decade to \$3,841, student leaders are asking youth to send postcards to both Learning Minister Lyle Oberg and Premier Ralph Klein. Eighty thousand postcards, featuring parody ads for the Gap and Absolut Vodka, will be distributed to universities across the province. Twenty thousand are

already in ZOT racks, which can be found in many coffee shops in both Edmonton and Calgary. The cards will be distributed to student association councillors, university senators, the faculty association, student services, and highschool students. University of Alberta student association spokesperson Naomi Agard said the plan at her university is to have 15,000 postcards "signed, sealed and delivered" to both Klein and Oberg. She urges students to return signed cards to designated outlets on campuses by Oct. 23." It is important that we get the postcards back," she

said, "both to save students money on postage and to collect a significant amount to bring over to the legislature." Last year, students at the University of Calgary ran a similar, but unsuccessful, campaign. Average tuition at that university increased by \$184 a year to \$3,834. This year, the campaign is being run by the Council of Alberta University Students, the Alberta College and Technical Institute Students' Executive Council and the Alberta Graduate Council, which collectively represent more than 107,000 post-secondary students.

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Babble
- by Christy Taylor

I'm going to type
A page
Of meaningless babble.
Maybe I'll let
The words flow out
Like a river,
Bouncing over ideas, like rocks.
Maybe I'll let
Them chirp like a bird
In seemingly meaningless phrases
That somehow still
Delight me.
Maybe I'll just write
What ever I feel like writing
In what ever style
It comes in
Just so that
When I'm done I'll have
A page of babble
All my own
That no one could write
Exactly the same
As me.

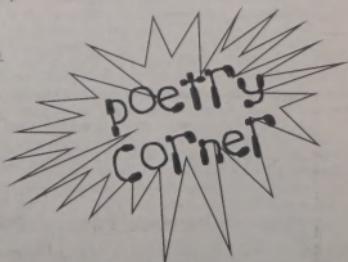
A few days ago on a well travelled, paved road in South Africa (in between Eshowe and a sugar can farm) a woman was thrown from a moving vehicle. To be specific, she was thrown out of the back of a tarp covered truck driving 100 km and hour. Sickly ironic that right now you can imagine what that would look like, but your recollections is most likely skewed, as a slow motion wide screen was not the case here. Anyway, over and over she tumbled and smashed her face, her knees, her elbows her fingernails her head on the pavement. And shortly after the initial violent shove lay motionless in a ditch, saturated in her own blood. So there she lie in a ditch on a road in between Eshowe and a sugar cane farm, her head split her body dead (?). Who knows really. Not I, nor the man who came upon her lying there.

Perhaps she has now died, perhaps not. Perhaps she was on her way to work then robbed, raped and taught a valuable lesson. (Be sure to ask yourself why did she need that teaching? And question who decides those things, know that certain things are never acceptable, ever. Stop Blocking It Out.) perhaps not. Perhaps she had a lovers quarrel and asserted herself too assuredly? Perhaps not.

independent African woman in need of discipline

nobody knows who you are,
flailing limbs over pavement
(now) embedded in your skin as you bled.
nobody knows where you are from,
wallet now open
precious mind used on everything
you would not have spent
and now may never.
Over and Over and Over
into the ditch.
Wind stops, stones sprout form
new crevices of crimson and you
are more aware of your body as a vessel
than you ever have been.
Broken Bruised Raped?
with a blooming African violet
just out of reach from where
you now lie.

submitted by Natasha Rolfs



Summer at Fort Victoria

- by Christy Taylor

Until about the middle of this last summer, I never knew that there was one part of spring when bumble bees would be all around and a person could spend a while each morning picking dead ones off a floor but then after a few weeks the bumblebees would disappear from sight, and it would be dead moths I'd be gathering up. I'd heard the phrase "for everything there is a season" but I hadn't spent enough time outside in touch with nature to realize it. I hadn't noticed when it is that the mushroom fairy circles grow, or what their life cycles are. Now I've started noticing those. I've started noticing the sizes of the baby birds, and the different types of birds we see... For some reason, I only rarely ever hear a woodpecker hammering on the chimney of the church now, although in the beginning I heard the sound daily. I'm noticing which wild flowers bloom when. Its amazing.

This summer, I landed a job at Victoria Settlement, a Provincial Historic Site outside of Smoky Lake, Alberta. The pay was minimal, but the experience great. I was working our doors most of the time, walking between the different buildings, our campfire site and the old mission site. I got a chance to watch nature, talk with people, learn history and lots of other things. I feel like writing about it, and so will I.

There was something magical about the costumes that I wore at work, or at least there was when I began work. They're hot sweaty 1890's costumes with extra layers of petticoats and not a bit of ankle or wrists showing. The material for them is old and the colours clash, but the magic that I found in them was the fact that dressed up I could do anything; I could approach any stranger who wandered onto the site, say hello and chat for a while. The Smoky Lake United Church held a service out at the site. That's the church I went to regularly as a child, and periodically since then but although I sort of know everyone I've always been shy of talking to them. In costume though, in that position, not just as Christy but as a historical interpreter, I could talk to whoever I wanted. In the potluck lunch after the service I could approach those sitting alone and visit freely. The magic of the costumes did begin to wear off at one point, when the weather was getting hot and I felt baked and uncomfortable in the long clothing. But by then it didn't matter and I could approach anyone, talk to anyone.

There was a group of twenty five motorcyclists that came and I watched my supervisor, Kim, go up to them to ask for admission. The biggest of them came up to her and, hands on his hips said, "We're motorcyclists and we don't pay admission". Kim laughed "we'll see about that". And they paid willingly. They had a picnic on the grounds, and then I gave them the tour. They joked a lot through the tour. (Motorcyclists tend to have a sense of humour, it seems, or at least those that stop at historic sites do).

Kim was amazing. I watched her leading a children's program with a bunch of preschoolers. She had them in the church and wanted them to sing "Twinkle Twinkle Little Star" with her but of course they were all to embarrassed and shy. So she started playing checksticks on the old pump organ, and then turned "why aren't you singing? Ooooh... that was the wrong song? Okay..." Then she played another wrong song, and still no singing. Finally one of the kids volunteered to sing a part of it for her so she'd know which song she was supposed to be playing. And then once one kid was singing the rest joined in. Kim had a gift for coaxing people to do what she wanted. She had a

gift for making people feel happy and at ease enough they wanted to do whatever she asked. When I commented to her about it she referred instead to her supervisor at the historical site she had worked in before, talking about how wonderful that lady was, and how much she learned from her.

I had another co-worker who I couldn't get along with at all. I can't name all the little things she did although I'll mention one. She demanded that the costuming department give her four shirts, instead of the three that everyone else got because she thought one of the three they were going to give her was too ugly. Then, because of a shortage of shirts and a large rip, one of our late joining co-workers ended up with only one shirt for a length of time. They were the same size, but Emma didn't even consider lending this girl one of hers, not even the ugly one she never wore.

Anyway, there were lots of things about her that bothered me, but I think what scares me most about Emma and all that she did was that I looked at her and feared becoming her. I saw in her the possibility of someone becoming totally thoughtless towards others, and admitting that it's a possibility for someone else to be that way means admitting it might be a possibility for me, doesn't it?

Over the summer I learned to finger-weave. It's basically weaving without the loom and its how the Metis used to make their beautiful belts. It takes some practice, but then it gets fairly easy to do. But learning to finger weave wasn't good enough. I also had to learn how to demonstrate fingerweaving. The first couple of times I tried explaining to people what I was doing, they were saying "oh, that looks complicated". I kept looking for new ways of explaining until I got so that the most common comment I heard from people was "oh, I see."

Fingerweaving itself is great stress relief. I love the feel of wool sliding over my fingers. And a part of the stress relief of it is the fact that you can't get angry at it. Or you can, but it doesn't do any good. Wool doesn't listen.

Ice cream doesn't listen either, and there's a story behind me saying that. We had a youth group down at our site once and they were paying us to make icecream with them and they hadn't bothered to ask before how long it would take. So I had one come over to me and say "can you hurry it up, we have a schedule to keep". She said it so rudely and so seriously that I wondered if she expected me to talk to the ice cream or wave a magic wand or what, because sorry, but we use a really old ice cream maker and all I can do is keep the kids turning it and adding salt and ice. People today are just too impatient. Think of what it would be like for the early pioneers, and how much they waited for things.

Children's programs were fun but one of the key factors in if a group enjoyed themselves or not was in the age of the supervisors who came with them. Adult leaders don't mind looking interested in what we're doing, and their enthusiasm helps spread to the kids but the couple of times when we had children's groups led by teenagers it was a different story. Not wanting to be thought uncool by their fellow leaders they would compete to look the most bored, and their

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boredom would spread to the children. For any of you out there who are ever going to work with kids, remember that. If you want them to have fun, have fun yourself too, doing whatever they're doing.

Maybe I should tell you a bit about the history of the site. George McDougall came to the site in 1862 with his 19 year old son, on a tour of the different Methodist Missions in Western Canada. The mission near a place called Smoking Lake, they discovered, was not very successful so they convinced Rev. Woolsey to move the mission down about fifteen kilometres south to the banks of the North Saskatchewan River. George McDougall continued on his tour, leaving his son John to work with Rev. Woolsey. George returned the next year with his wife and five of their seven children. To their great disappointment John had not yet finished a house and they had to spend the winter in a buffalo skin tent before building a small log cabin. The year after that they finished a large eight room house.

Meanwhile there were some independent fur traders coming to the area and the Hudson's Bay Company decided that they needed a post beside the mission. Their post was built around 1864 or 65 and used up until 1897, except for 1883 - 1887 when they closed due to poor profits. The last Hudson's Bay Clerk who lived there was Mr. George Kennedy, with his wife Maria and eight children. They chose to come to the settlement, taking a decrease in pay from what they were used to, so that they would be at a fort near a school.

Of the original fort, only one building remains, and that's the Clerk's Quarters. The Clerk's Quarters was used as a private house until sometime in the 1970's when the provincial government got a hold of it. They restored and furnished it in the fashions of the 1890's. We are lucky to have the building. Often when the Hudson's Bay Company moved they would take the building apart and float it down river to rebuild elsewhere, or if they weren't going to do that, they'd burn the building and collect the nails.

On the site there is also a 1906 Methodist church. It was the third Methodist church in the area but the only one to survive. The wood to it was all sawed and planed by hand and donated by the local congregation. I smile to imagine what pride they must have had in it. Now, we use it to show a short video about the history of the site.

Victoria Settlement is closed for the season now, but will reopen next spring with a new group of interpreters working there, so I'll go ahead and give the little sales pitch right now. It's located fifteen minutes south of Smoky Lake, just off Highway 855. It's a great summer job for anyone interested, and a nice picnic place to visit. In particular, don't miss their "Fort Victoria Days", in August, which are celebrated with a visit from the Edmonton Blackpowder Brigade, a group of historical re-enactmentists.

Formal Coordinator

Put your vision, talent, and creativity to work organizing Spring

Formal 2001!

Applications available from SU Office (F203).

Deadline Nov. 15, 2000



Did you know:

1) The words flotsam and jetsam refer to cargo that will float when a ship sinks. Jetsam refers to buoyant cargo that is thrown off of a ship in order to save it. Flotsam refers to cargo that ends up in the water, on its own, after a ship sinks. They are also the names of the eels in "The Little Mermaid."

2) The most popular decoration for the top of a toilet tank is scented seashells.

3) In Glenroy, Australia, there are two McDonald's restaurants that exactly opposite to each other on the highway. They are mirror images of each other, to the point that there are usually the same number of people in each restaurant.

4) When glass breaks, the cracks move at speeds of up to 3000 miles per hour.

5) The Chinese lettered goldfish, called so because of the Chinese characters grown into its skin, is achieved through thousands of years of crossbreeding (mostly inbreeding).

6) If you started at the number one and spelled out each number, you would have to count to one-thousand before you would use the letter "a".

7) Jimi Hendrix disliked his singing voice and hated to hear himself on records.

8) It was discovered on a mission to space that a frog is capable of throwing up (vomiting). It does it by "ejecting" its stomach, inside-out, so that it is dangling out of its mouth. The frog then uses its forearms to dig out all of its stomach contents and then swallows its stomach again.

9) There is one river for every six people living in Quebec.

10) A blue whale's heart beats only nine times every minute.

An Experience of Community

- by Christy Taylor

I had a neat experience the other day when I was out walking one evening. Crossing the parking lot by the Co-op I came across three boys, maybe twelve or thirteen years old, who were pounding a metal garbage can in. The violence of their action bothered me and without thinking I started to yell at them. I didn't swear, I wasn't mad, I just wanted them to hear me over the noise they were making. "That's not your property," I said. "You don't go and destroy other people's property." They looked at me shocked and I wondered what in the world I was doing. But they turned, quietly, and the one holding the garbage can started trying to straighten the dents out. I walked on. There were two things that delighted me about that experience. One was that I had acted without thinking, or second-guessing my instinct. And the other was the feeling of community I suddenly had. Here I was standing up in defence of someone else's property. I was a community member in defence of the community. And I had a connection with the kids because they were community members too. Yet the word "community" seems weird. Communities these days are not towns or cities, but small groups within the cities. They're opt-in groups. Whether your community is dealing with hockey, religion or saving healthcare, it's still a group you joined voluntarily and the city no longer seems to be a community. Membership to a community is an excuse to be able to talk to other members, and living in the same place doesn't seem to give that anymore. It would be nice somehow for a town or city to reclaim the ability to be a community. I don't



Fusion Story Theater based on the Norwegian folktale by Peter Christen Asbjørnsen and Jørgen Moen

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know how this would happen. Maybe towns are too large these days for the people to really connect on things, or maybe the problem is that we leave all the common issues to be dealt with by a handful of representatives on a city council instead of dealing with them together as citizens. Maybe it's a lack of interest on the part of everyone to actually care about one another. Or maybe we find enough community within our separate interest groups. I don't know. I like the way Augustana works as a community. I'm comfortable smiling and saying hello to anyone as I walk past. There's a whole lot of different little organizations on campus but they're still some feeling that they're all connected. They're all part of Augustana.

CANADIAN STUDENTS RESEARCH RAPE DRUG PREVENTION

By Steve Lillehuen, Gateway

Canadian university students have recently invented two anti-rape drug products. Close to 1,000 students applied for 500 positions at nine Canadian university campuses to create anti-crime products, last summer. Selected students from each campus then participated in the Shad Valley entrepreneurial conference recently, an annual event that asks students to come up with products or services that help prevent crime.

The McMaster University and Lakehead University campuses created products that could help prevent the use of Rohypnol in campus bars. Rohypnol, a drug that causes users to fall unconscious, has been linked to rapes in campuses across North America. The McMaster product is a double-lid system that prevents the drug from entering a person's drink. Called the "lockup," the edge of the cup's outer layer has a small slit in it. The apparatus is big enough to drink from, but small enough to minimize access. The inner lid has a simi-

lar opening. By twisting both openings, the user prevents access to the drink altogether. Clement Ma, co-leader of the McMaster team, said their product is very effective. "There's nothing like this on the market. ... If someone does drop a drug into your drink, [the lockup] will catch it—it prevents exposure to the drug."

Lakehead campus created a date-rape indicator enclosed in a necklace called "Minerva." The students' invention allows women to place droplets of their drinks on paper that will indicate if Rohypnol is present in the drink. Ma said the biggest challenge will be getting the word out about their product. "Our company plan was to start at three bars and get the idea out. Then we could move on to Hamilton, Toronto, and the rest of Canada." Both products are still in the beginning stages. It will take sponsorship money to make the products a reality. "It's important [for students], so I hope someone takes it and runs with it," Ma said.

Contributors (in order of appearance):

Pam Moskie, SU pres

Ariane Fielding, Exec VP

Charmion Rebus, VP Internal

Kristy Mandrusiak, VP External

Ramy Salama, literary experimentalist

The Amazing Andrea Godziuk

Nifty Niel Leckie

Sharon Charney

Miranda Solkalski

Daniel Mol, resident political activist

Erin Storch, October's RDX Contact

Kierstin Heilberg, Editor in Chief

Melissa Adrian

Andy "Full Court" Prest

Christy Taylor

Natasha Rolfe

The Mystery Cartoonist

A quick correction: In last month's issue there was a fact which said that 1 in 4 Americans are overweight and 1 in 4 Africans have HIV, it should have read 1 in 4 South Africans have HIV.

Horoscopes

Aries March 21 - April 19
Stay indoors. That's all I am at liberty to say.

Taurus April 20 - May 20
Be careful not to become mesmerized by flashing red lights.

Gemini May 21 - June 21
Beware the sparking hairdryers.

Cancer June 22 - July 22
Just a little extra mushrooms please, it will complete your dietary needs.

Lion July 23 - Aug 22
Green is your colour this month, but beware of bluish-greens.

Virgo Aug 23 - Sept 22
Unforeseen holes may arise. Watch your step.

Libra Sept 23 - Oct 23
Just remember that safety rules are meant to be followed, and then maybe you can keep your left foot.

Scorpio Oct 24 - Nov 21
Frustration sets in. Take it out on the little men you can find in your heat register.

Sagittarius Nov 22 - Dec 21
Save your shot, I guarantee it will come in handy this month.

Capricorn Dec 22 - Jan 19
Learn how to basketweave underwater, with this skill you'll always be able to find a job.

Aquarius Jan 20 - Feb 18
People named Fred and Julius may feature this month. Seek them out and talk to them. They may save your life.

Pisces Feb 19 - Mar 20
Just say no.

A quick apology to all who missed their horoscope last month. Blame it on the stars, they're a little finicky sometimes and don't allow themselves to be read. They like to keep some secrets!

Word on the Street...

Would you like to see Spanish offered at Augustana as a course?

Students should have the option to take Spanish, as it is a highly used language in the world. Their education should not be restricted by the lack of Spanish instruction, especially students interested in the cultural exchanges.

Krista Piebeck, 1st year

If there are a lot of students wishing to study Spanish, then I think you should. Otherwise I do not see the reason why you should because, it's not an international language like English or a language from a big nation like French and German. It is not a religious language like Arabic and it is not an important ancient language like Latin and Greek.

anonymous international student

Yes, I do because I had to take it through U of C this summer.

Ben Paulus

Spanish or any other language would be a good extra option for language majors. Three languages at a university offering a Modern Languages degree is a bit restrictive.

Adriene Shaplea, 1st year

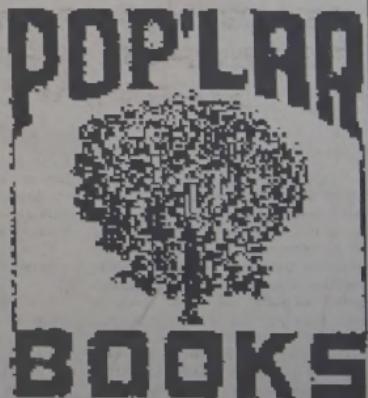
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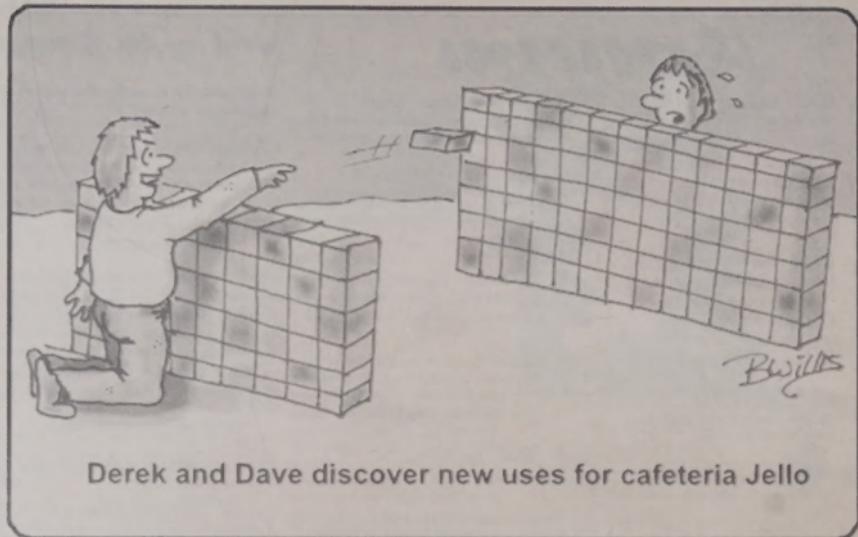
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Happenings at AUC...

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
October 22 Homecoming Weekend Homecoming Worship at 10:00 a.m.	23	24	25	26 Fall Break	27 Fall Break B-Ball: GMC @ AUC 6:30 and 8:30 p.m.	28 Fall Break Men's Hockey: RDC @ AUC 8:00 p.m. X-country Running Provincial Finals
29 Fall Break Daylight Saving Time Ends!! Change those clocks!	30	31 Halloween	November 1	2 Faculty Meeting	3 B-Ball: CUCA @ AUC 6:30 and 8:30 p.m. ViVACE: Dreams & Landscapes: A celebration of Canadian Music 7:30 p.m.	4 Men's Hockey: MRC @ AUC 8:00 p.m.
5 Women's Hockey: RDC @ AUC 5:45 p.m.	6	7	8	9	10 University Fair no classes Men's Hockey: GMC @ AUC 8:00 p.m.	11 Remembrance Day B-Ball: TKUC @ AUC 6:30 and 8:30 p.m.
12	13	14	15 Deadline for the next issue!!! Tatterhood	16	17 Curling: Fall Regionals at NAIT Miltion Schlosser and Tanya Prochazka present "Bohemian Cello" 8:00 p.m. 15th to the 18th	18 Curling: Fall Regionals at NAIT at 8:00 p.m.
19 Curling: Fall Regionals @ NAIT Worship at Rosehaven 2 p.m. Women's Hockey: GMC @ AUC 7:30 p.m. Tatterhood matinee at 2:30 p.m.	20	21 ASU presents Sue Johanson 7:00 p.m. in the Gym	22 Scholarship Reception	23	24 Preview Day 22nd to the 25th	25 Women's Hockey: MRC @ AUC Men's Hockey: CUCA @ AUC Sangkor sings at Festival of Trees at 8:00 p.m.